



*The
Bird's
Last
Song*

*by
Judith
Lieberman*

Ages 5 & up
Grades K & up

Following the death of an old bird, a little bird hears beautiful music. The little bird asks, "Where does that beautiful music come from?" And through the answer the little bird learns how each generation leaves something of itself behind for the generations that follow.

THE BIRD'S LAST SONG is an unusual story about life and death. Strong, sensitive woodcuts add visual impact to the poetic words, so that this little book is one that will be long remembered.

To the memory of
my dear father
DR. ABRAHAM WEINSHALL
this book is dedicated
with love



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The Bird's Last Song

written

and illustrated with woodcuts

by *Judith
Lieberman*

◆ Addison-Wesley



An Addisonian Press Book

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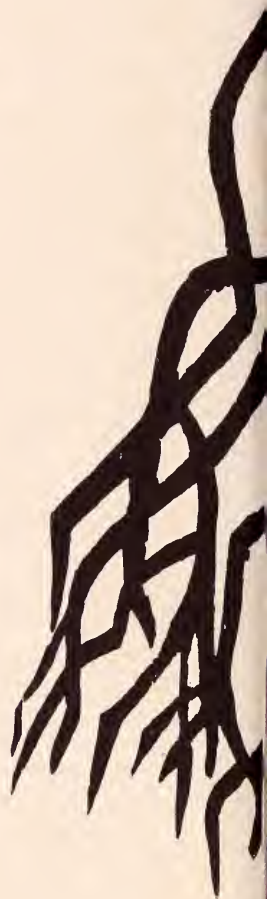
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SUMMARY: As the old birds die in winter, their last song freezes in the winter air, only to thaw in spring, welcoming the birds returning from the south.

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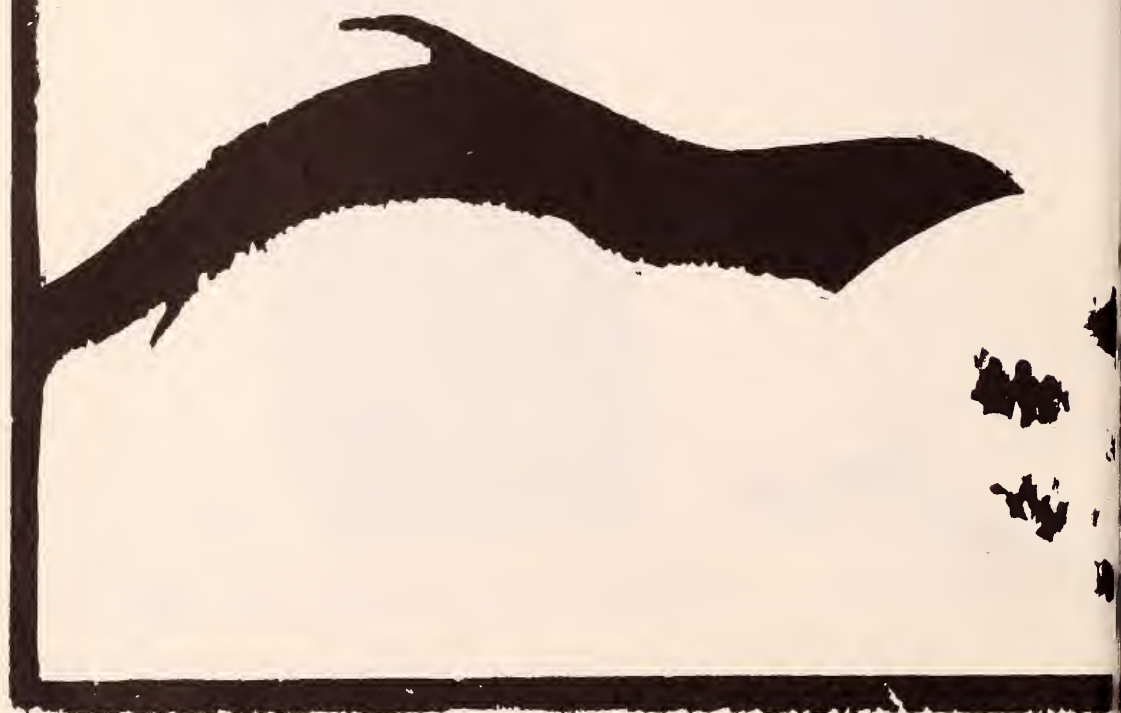


*It was winter,
and it was icy cold.*





*An old bird
huddled against
a tree trunk.*



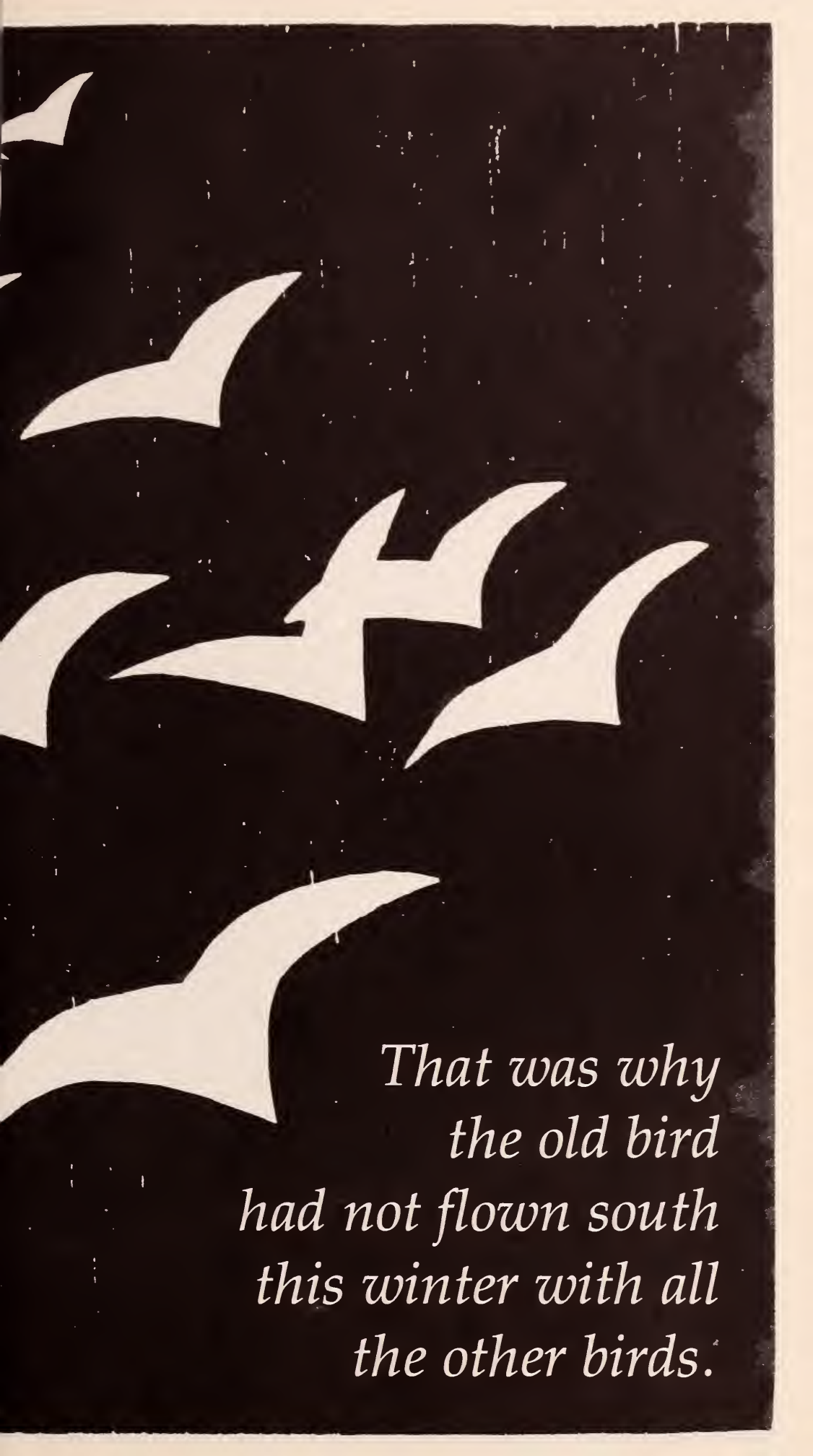


*The old bird
would have liked
to fly to a nice,
warm place;
but he was too old
and too sick
to fly.*





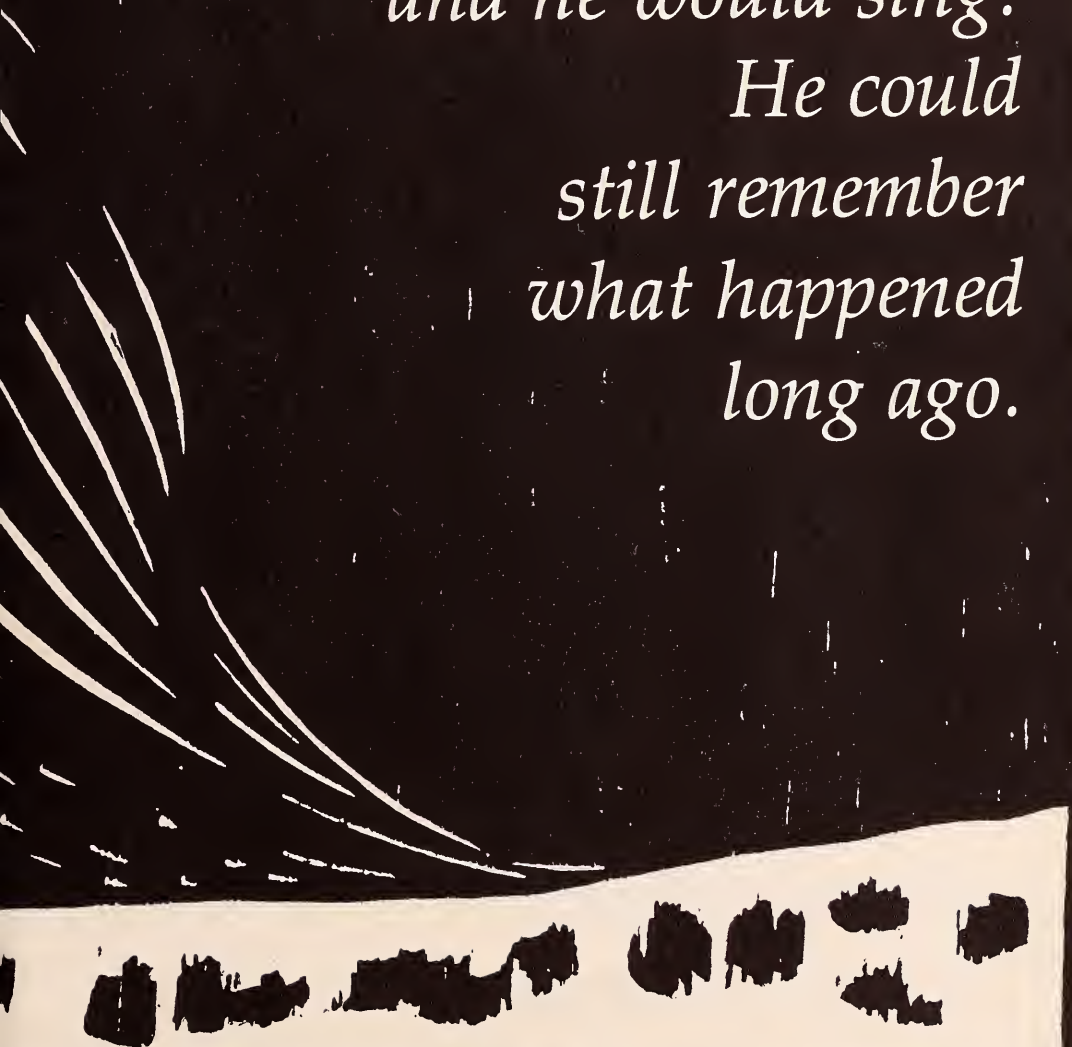




*That was why
the old bird
had not flown south
this winter with all
the other birds.*



*That was why
he was here
all alone.
But no matter;
he would try
to forget
his troubles
and he would sing.
He could
still remember
what happened
long ago.*





*He was young
when it happened,
and was returning
from his first
winter journey
with his father.*





*As they landed,
music filled the air.
It was the sound
of many birds
chirping and singing.*



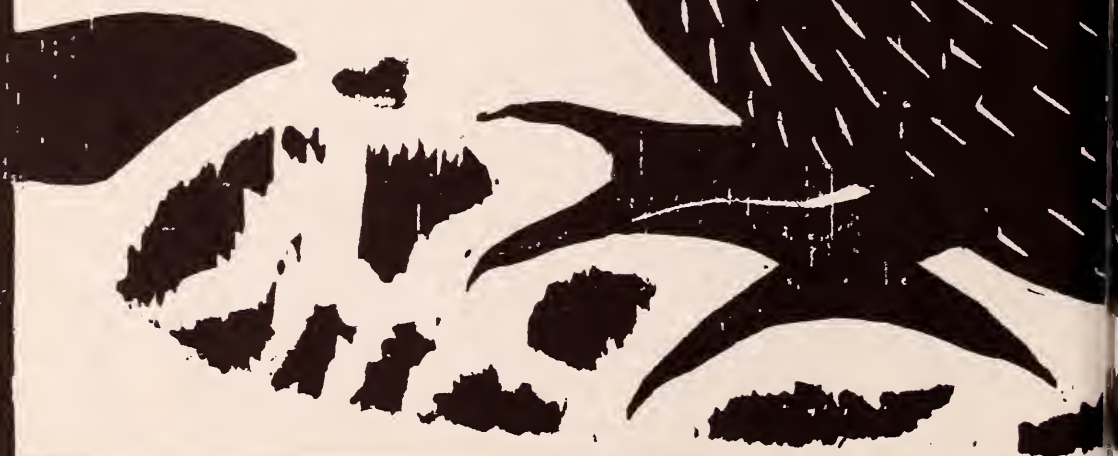
*He had turned to his
father to ask where
all those
sounds came from.
His father said,*



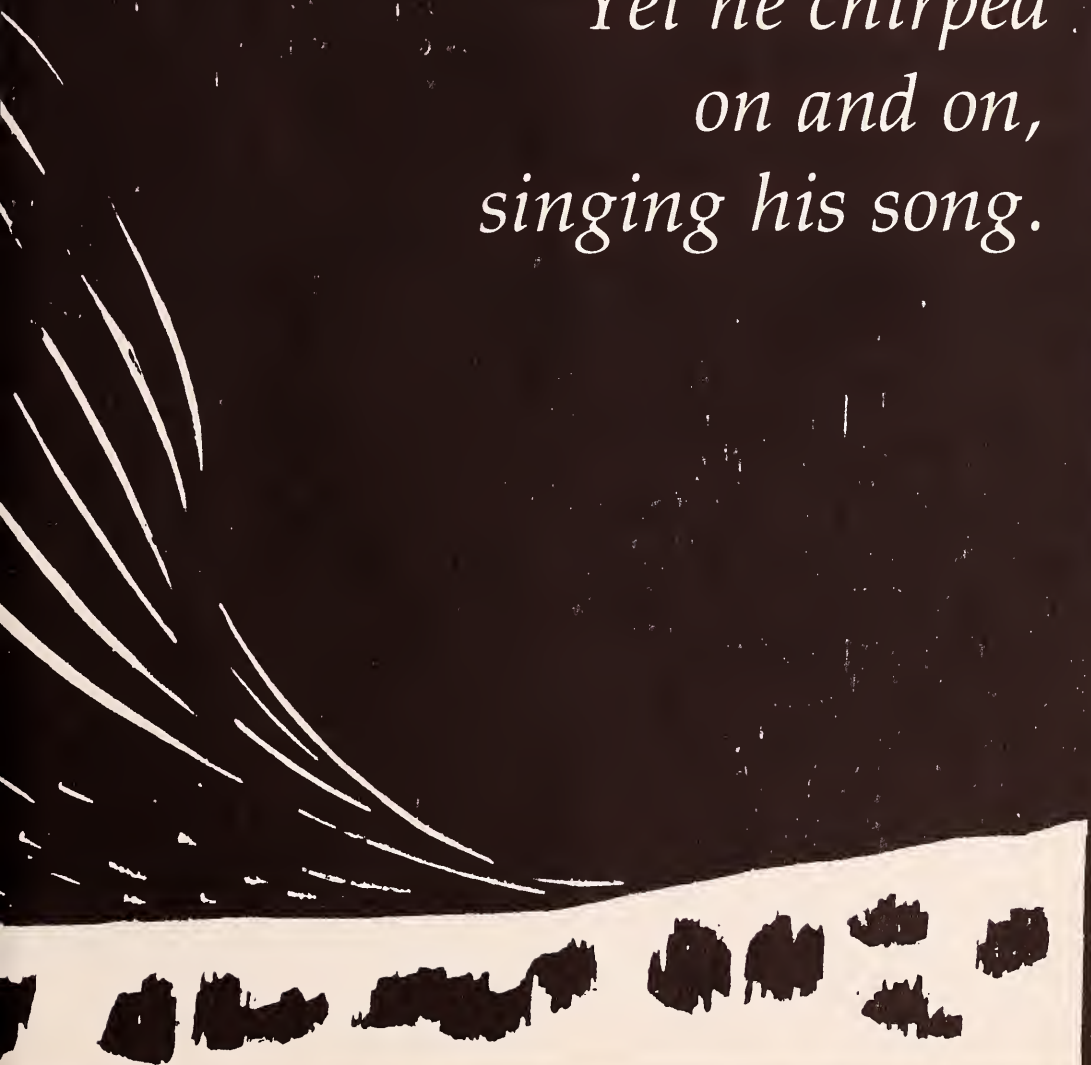


*“Those are the frozen
sounds of dying birds,
each bird’s last song,
thawing in the spring sun.”*





*So now,
sitting alone,
the old bird
opened his beak
and chirped.
No living creature
could hear him.
Yet he chirped
on and on,
singing his song.*





*The sound
of his singing
seemed to freeze
in the air.
But he kept on
with his tune*



*until he fell dead,
his beak frozen open.*









*When spring came,
the birds returned
from their winter journey.*

*And they heard
music in the air
all around the tree.*







*A little bird
turned to his father
and asked,
“Father, where does
that beautiful music
come from?”
And the little bird’s
father replied,*





*"These are
the frozen sounds
of a dying bird,
his last song,
thawing in
the spring sun."*

About the Author/Artist

Judith Liberman was born in Israel and came to the United States upon completion of high school. She earned four American university degrees in social studies and law, including a J.D. from the University of Chicago Law School and an LL.M. from the University of Michigan Law School. But although she wrote and lectured about law, she soon realized that her favorite form of writing was fiction and that her predominant interest was in art.

For the past fifteen years Judith Liberman has been a prolific painter and graphic artist. Reflecting her background, her work combines elements of East and West and is concerned mainly with humanistic subjects. She has exhibited in numerous one-woman and group shows, and her paintings and woodcuts can be found in collections here and abroad.

Mrs. Liberman lives with her husband and teen-age son and daughter in Newton, Massachusetts.

